

Spike's Really Bad Night

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Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-04 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-04 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:07:05

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,518

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Spike has enough problems. Will news about his favorite sports team drive him over the edge? The actual news story took place after "Becoming"; pretend it takes place just before the second season finale.

Spike's Really Bad Night

Spike was sitting up in his bed, trying not to lose his mind from the boredom. It was bad enough that he had to fake his disability, but he had to deal with Drusilla being with his bastard sire, Angelus. The sight of the two of them wrapped up in each other was enough to make him physically ill. Normally, Spike stayed in his chamber until the two lovebirds went hunting, then he would wheel himself out to the common room and watch TV. Right now, Spike was waiting for his breakfast to be brought to him, but for some reason Drusilla was late in bringing it.

As the door opened, Spike looked up and saw Drusilla walking in with a tray with a newspaper, a large glass and a pitcher on it. The scowl on his face faded as he saw that for once, Drusilla was by herself. Dru looked happy, and that always lifted Spike's spirits, as long as it didn't involve Angelus.

"Evening, luv. You look to be in a good mood today," Spike said in greeting, as Dru placed the tray on the bedside table, and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

"I am, aren't I? We have such a lovely night planned, and I wanted to make sure you were all settled in before we flew off tonight," Drusilla whispered as she poured red liquid from the pitcher into the glass.

Spike felt his good mood collapsing. Drusilla obviously meant that she and Angelus would be out together that night, since she did not go out with anyone else. Spike had heard the whispers from the other vampires about what Angelus and his Dru did when they went out

together. It usually involved them sharing victims and then shagging each other's brains out.

Trying to put the thought from his mind, Spike looked at the glass of liquid in front of him. "What did you bring me this evening, pet?"

Drusilla smiled her loopy smile. "Some of the boys hit the bloodmobile last night, and I thought that you would like to share with us. It's nice and fresh and warm."

Spike's mood improved a fraction. Normally, he drank from whatever victim had been brought in that night; on nights that were slow, he drank pig and cow blood from the slaughterhouse. Blood from the bloodmobile was not as good as from a live person, but it was better than having to share a kill with someone else.

Spike picked up the glass and took a sip. With a small smile on his face, he said, "Thank you, luv. It tastes as good as that young girl we shared in Paris that night during the 1920's."

Drusilla beamed back. She missed being with her Spike, but Angelus showed her such a grand time when they went out. She so did want to make Spike happy, though.

"We'll be leaving now, dear. There's blood in the pitcher, and if you want more, call the boys in to get it for you. Do you want to go watch TV now?" Dru was stroking his hair as she talked.

"That's all right, princess. I'll read my paper and get the boys to bring me out later. You go out and have fun now." Spike said the last part through gritted teeth, but Drusilla didn't notice.

After Dru gave him a peck on the cheek and left the room, Spike felt his mood drop again. At least Angelus had not come into the room to completely ruin his night. Sighing, Spike picked up the newspaper and opened it to the sports section.

Outside, Angelus was waiting impatiently for Drusilla to return from Spike's room. See her approach, he moved to her and gave her a kiss. "Now that Roller Boy is taken care of, can we go? I know a nice quiet place where we can have some blood and watch the stars," he said with a suggestive smile.

Drusilla smiled back at him. "I just wanted to make sure everything was all right before we left. We're going to have a ball tonight, aren't we?"

Angelus picked her up and spun her around. "We can dance naked under the stars, if you want. I just want to be with you, my dark princess." Drusilla was giggling as he put her down.

Angelus and Dru were about to walk out when a loud anguished cry came from Spike's room.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! IT CAN'T BE!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Drusilla broke from Angelus' side and ran back to Spike's room. Following her but at a walk, Angelus muttered, "What now?"

Bursting into the room, Drusilla saw that Spike was looking at the newspaper in his lap with a horrified look on his face. Quickly looking around, Drusilla saw no one else in the room. Confused, Drusilla asked, "What is it, Spike? What made you cry out?"

Spike looked up from the paper. His lips moved, but no sound came out of his mouth. Angelus came in and saw that Spike was literally speechless. Amused, he said, "What is it, Roller Boy? Cat got your tongue?"

Spike paid no mind to his hated rival, and instead looked back down at the newspaper in his lap. Small sounds were now coming from his mouth, but it was nothing understandable.

Angelus saw that whatever had affected Spike so badly was in the newspaper. Grabbing it roughly from his trembling hands, he saw that it was the sports section. Quickly scanning it, he saw what had affected Spike so badly and he grinned broadly.

"That bastard. That fat, money-grubbing piece of shit. I'll fucking rip out his black heart and eat it!" Spike was speaking now and getting increasingly louder.

Drusilla looked from Spike yelling to Angelus grinning with concern. "What made Spike so mad? He hasn't been like this since the Sex Pistols broke up."

"It's something worse, my dear. Far, far, worse." Still grinning, Angelus handed Drusilla the paper. At the top of the page, she saw the headline, 'Rupert Murdoch to Buy British Soccer Team.' Drusilla became paler than usual and began to read the article quickly.

Meanwhile, Spike was still yelling. "That fat fuck wasn't satisfied by owning newspapers, so he bought a TV network. When he got tired of that, he bought the LA Dodgers and fucked them up completely. Now this piece of excrement wants to buy Manchester United, the best football team in all of England and the world? I DON'T FUCKING THINK SO!

Twisting the knife, Angelus said slyly, "It amazing what one billion dollars can buy you these days. I heard that he was thinking of buying an Italian or Brazilian team, but they turned him down for not offering enough."

Spike's eyes bugged out at that implication. With a crash, the glass of blood on the side table fell to the floor. Drusilla gave a start but continued reading.

"That descendant of convicts is scum! Even what we do is good by comparison. We just kill people for their blood. He destroys world class sports like they were a house of cards. I SHOULD TEAR HIS FUCKING HEAD OFF AND SHOVE IT UP HIS FAT ARSE!" Spike screamed at full volume.

Drusilla looked up from the paper. "Dear, it says here that the deal may be blocked and that nasty man won't be allowed to buy your team.

Spike dropped his head and sighed deeply. Looking up, he spoke.

"Manchester United is the best football team in England. They have the best players, the best moves and the best after game riots in all of England. And this diseased son of a dingo wants to change that. I'll walk into the sunlight before that happens."

"Roll, actually," Angelus cracked. With that remark, Spike glared at Angelus with such fury that he almost took a step back.

'Princess, I'm sorry I got upset. Please go on your hunt. I'll be alright here." Spike slumped back on the bed and covered his eyes with his forearm.

"Are you sure, Spike? I can stay here if you want." Angelus shot Dru a look, but Spike waved his free hand.

"No, no, I'll be fine. I'm just going to lay here and think of stuff. You go ahead." Spike said in a tired voice. Upon seeing that he was serious, Drusilla walked out of the room with a chuckling Angelus holding her arm.

Once the room was empty, Spike stood up and started to pace around the room. His recovery was almost complete and his showdown with Angelus was coming soon. Spike snatched up the paper again and reread the date of the hearing that would determine if the Australian media mogul would buy his beloved team. It was two months off.

Spike chuckled to himself. "First, I deal with Angelus. Then, Mr. Murdoch, you and I are going to have a little chat"

THE END"for now?

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file.